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Pat McFree, the Irish Patentee.

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

Geo. Perkins.

—o—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—o—

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PAT McFl[illegible] IRISH PATENTEE.

CAST [illegible] HARACTERS.

PAT McFREE,	*The Irish Patentee.*
WILLIE RYAN,	*A broken down actor.*
DICK JONES,	*An unfortunate Comedian.*
BROWN, SMITH,	*Two undertakers.*
SAMBO BLACK,	*The coon hustler.*
JAMES WALLACE,	*Tragedian.*
BESSIE,	*A waiter.*
DELLA,	*Insane.*
LANDLADY.	

TIME OF PLAYING—35 minutes.

COSTUMES.

PAT.—Irish suit.

JAMES RYAN.—Business suit.

DICK JONES.—Ragged and dirty.

BROWN AND SMITH.—Long coats and high plug hats.

SAMBO.—Red flannel shirt, checkered pants, large shoes, no hat.

BILLIE WALLACE.—Hat with large feathers, spike coat, high collar, false beard, high boots; very tough all around.

BESSIE.—Servant dress.

DELLA.—Black dress, hair down, large white lace collar.

LANDLADY.—Large flowered dress, pair of glasses, carpet slippers.

PROPERTIES.

Bed quilt, sheet, coal shuttle with coal, large satchel, small bellows, old umbrella; tray, napkin and lunch, large funnel, pitcher of water, feather duster, small pan of flour, small book, fancy back, sword or large knife, small basket, money, yard stick, large book.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right: L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon stage facing the audience.

A.M. '25 Aug. X 1

Pat McFree, the Irish Patentee.

SCENE I.—Street scene, set house in L.

Enter, WILLIE RYAN, R., 1 E., *comes* C.

Willie. I left New York about six weeks ago with a full dramatic company, but business was dull and we could scarcely make enough to pay our board and car fare, but we managed to get along until last week, when we reached (*some town*) we went under. I have disposed of all of my people but one, a comedian, and it seems impossible to shake him. I left him up the street a short time ago, and I hope he will find something to do. (DICK JONES *heard singing off* R., "*I have seen better days*") Here he comes, I know that voice.

Enter, DICK JONES, R., 1 E.

Dick. Hello, Willie! Say, won't you give me five cents, I have'nt had a bite to eat since yesterday morning?

Willie. Well, neither have I, and the worst of all is, I have'nt a cent, so go away and don't let me see you again.

Dick. (*shakes fist*) Willie, I'm getting desperate, and the first fellow that comes along here, I'm going to rob.

Enter, PAT, R., 1 E., *very slowly, whistling, carrying a grip and umbrella.*

Willie. There comes your victim.

Dick. Oh! I won't do a thing to him.

(*one on either side of* PAT, *they slap him on back*

Willie. }
Dick. } Hello! Irish.

Pat. (*drops grip and umbrella*) Hello! boys.

Dick. (*to* PAT) I say, Irish, what have you got in your grip?

Pat. Sure and I have a thousand dollars in there.

Dick. } (*grab for it*) A thousand dollars!
Willie. }

Pat. (*pushes them away*) Here, you blackguards, don't get so Indianopolis around here. You see I have'nt exactly a thousand dollars, but I have a patent that will bring me a thousand dollars.

Willie. } Oh! we can't eat patents.
Dick. }

Pat. Well, who the devil said anything about atin' it; yez see it's for moving houses and barns and sich like. (*takes small bellows from grip*) Now give me yer attenshin and Ill explain it to yez. Now, for instance, yez wanted to move a house, jist place the carbon there and the explosive there, and— (*works bellows*

Dick. } That's fine! (*they slap him on back*
Willie. }

Pat. Yes, I see it is. Now, if yez want to move a barn or a hog coop, jist place the explosive there and the carbon there and— (*same as before*

Dick. } That's wonderful, Irish.
Willie. }

Pat. (*places it back in grip*) Yes, to be sure it is, but say boys, could yez tell me where I could sthay all night?

Willie. Could we tell you? Well I should say we can. Do you see this door right here? (*points to* L.

Pat. Yes sir, I do!

Willie. Well, just you go there and rap on the door, and when the lady comes, you tell her that you are a lord, looking for board.

Pat. Thin I git in, do I?

Dick. } Then you get in.
Willie. }

Dick. And if that don't work, just tell her you're an' actor.

Pat. Thin I do git in.

Dick. } Then you do get in (*aside*) nit.
Willie. }

Pat. (*starts*) All right boys, I'll see yez down town in the mornin' and buy yez both some candy.

Dick. } (*at* R.) All right.
Willie. }

PAT *goes to door, lowers grip and raps on door,* LANDLADY *appears, broom in hand.*

Pat. Top the mornin' to yez, and are yez the lady of this place?

Lady. Sure and I am.

Pat. Well, I'm a lord looking for board.

Lady. Well sir! I niver kape lords.

Pat. (*aside*) Oh! she don't kape lords. (WILLIE *and* DICK *laugh*) No, no! Landlady, I'm no lord, I'm an actor.

Lady. Well, that settles the whole business, for I wouldn't have an actor in my house at all, at all!

(*stamps foot and starts to go, but is stopped by* PAT

Pat. Hold on Landlady, I'm no actor, them blackguards there told me to say that. (WILLIE *and* DICK *exit,* R. E.) I'll tell yez the truth, I'm a patentee.

Lady. Oh! so you are a patentee. Well thin you can stay.

Pat. Well, how much do yez charge for me bed and me supper.

Lady. Five dollars.

Pat. (*drops grip and umbrella*) Five—

Lady. Five—

Pat. Dollars.

Lady. Dollars.

Pat. Sure and I didn't want to buy the house, I jist wanted to sthay all night.

Lady. Well that's what I always charge.

Pat. Well I guess I'll try it, but I'd like a little supper before I go to roost.

Lady. Well, come right in and I'll show you to the dining room.

Pat. (*picks up grip, etc*) All right.

(*exeunt into house*

SCENE II.—Table set, bed clothes on floor, back.

Enter, BESSIE, L. E., *with supper on tray and places on table—*PAT *sits at table, busy with grip.*

Bessie. Tea or coffee sir! (PAT *does not hear*) Tea or coffee sir!

Pat. (*looks up*) Was you talking to me?

Bessie. Yes sir! I said tea or coffee.

Pat. Ain't yez got a little whiskey?

Bessie. No sir! we don't keep such stuff.

Pat. Well I didn't want yez to kape it, I wanted to drink it.

Bessie. Well, we haven't any.

Pat. Thin I won't drink it, but sit down over there, I want to talk to yez. Say, what's your name?

Bessie. That's none of your business.

Pat. Say, who named yez?

Bessie. My papa did, sir!

Pat. Well, couldn't he find a better name than that for yez.

Bessie. Ah! I guess you don't know much.

Pat. Is that so! Say, Miss, yez don't know me, do yez?

Bessie. No, who in the world are you?

Pat. I am a poet in disgust. Oh! sure I mane disguise.

Bessie. Well, you may be a poet, but your looks don't show it, but if you are a poet, why just you go it. (*throws kiss*) Ah! there my baby.

Pat. (*aside*) Baby, will yez look at that. (*aloud*) So yez would like to hear some of my poetry, would yez?

Bessie. Yes, sir! it would please me very much.

Pat. All right, here she goes: "Poor little Fido, poor little pup, he could sthand on his hind feet if yez would hold his front feet up. Now poor little Fido, don't yez be lonely, for soon yez will be made into balogna." Now there is poetry yez can eat.

Bessie. That's very good, give us some more.

Pat. (*holds hand on stomach*) Sure I'll niver say that again while I'm ating.

Bessie. And why not?

Pat. Kase it spiles me appetite. (*picks up napkin*) Say Miss, will yez please put that around my neck?

Bessie. Why certainly. (*goes behind* PAT *and places napkin around his neck, meantime* PAT *fills mouth with crackers from small bow'*, BESSIE *counts*) One, two, three.

Pat. (*jumps up, blows out crackers and napkin*) Say, what the devil yez tryin' to do?

Bessie. Nothing at all, sir!

Pat. Well, I believe I'll go to bed.

Bessie. Very well, I'll go and tell mamma to come and she'll show you where to sleep. (*exit*, L., 2 E.

(PAT *places feet on table, dish in hand and eats very fast*

Enter, LANDLADY, L., 2 E., PAT *removes feet.*

Lady. Did you wish to go to bed?

Pat. Yes sir! ma'am, if yez plaze.

Lady. Well, I'll make your bed here. (*arranges the bedding*) Now this is your room and I want you to be very careful and not soil any of the furniture. You see, I have here two new chairs, this one cost me five dollars, (*points to chair* L.) and this one cost me twenty-five dollars. (*points to chair* R.

Pat. That old chair cost yez twenty-five dollars.

Lady. Yes sir! it did.

Pat. Sure and I have an old chair at home I only paid twenty-five cents for and it's every bit as good as that one.

Lady. (*takes duster from wall, goes to chair and dusts*) Yes, but it ain't anything like this one at all. Just you sit down on it once. (*she moves chair,* PAT *sits on floor*) Oh! I beg your pardon, I was only wiping off the dust. Now try it.

Pat. (*gets up*) No, thanks, but I wish yez would wipe off the dust next time before I come in.

Lady. Well, we'll try to. (*goes toward bed*) Oh! yes, and here is your bed too. Now please, be very careful and not soil any of the clothing, for you see it has silk sheets on it and they also cost a great deal of money.

Pat. Silk shates on the bed!

Lady. Yes, sir! it has.

Pat. Sure and what kind of a bed do yez call that?

Lady. That sir! is a down bed.

Pat. Yes, I see it's down on the floor. (*reaches down, thumps bed with his fist and looks at her*) Say, Landlady,

the geese that laid those feathers must have been on the sick list, wasn't they?

Lady. Well, as to that I can't say, but I think you will find everything all right, and I suppose you are no doubt tired and sleepy and wish to retire, so I will bid you good-night.

Pat. Good-night to yez. (LADY *starts off* L.) Oh! hold on Landlady, (*she stops*) are yez bothered with any musquitoes or skitten scats around here.

Lady. No sir! this is a very quiet place in that respect.

Pat. (*goes toward bed*) All right, good-night.

Lady. Oh! yes, there is one thing, perhaps, I had better tell you before I go, and that is, I have a daughter who is slightly demented.

Pat. Dewhoted.

Lady. Demented, that is, she is deranged.

Pat. De-range—de-range. Oh! yes, de cook stove.

Lady. No, no! you don't understand. I will explain it to you. You see, my daughter and I were out riding not long ago, in a carriage, and we had a pair of very high spirited ponies.

Pat. Yes, well yez want to be careful how yez give them little critters anything like that—

Lady. Like what?

Pat. Them spirits.

Lady. Oh! no, no, no! I mean they were lively and wanted to play.

Pat. What did they want to play, base ball?

Lady. No, no! they both got to kicking.

Pat. I suppose the little divils wanted to play foot ball.

Lady. Well, I don't know what they wanted to play, but they both ran away and threw my daughter out of the carriage, and ever since she has been crazy.

Pat. Why, the poor brute.

Lady. (*steps toward him*) What's that?

Pat. (*steps back*) Oh! I beg your pardon, I mane the poor gerril.

Lady. Now she has free access to the whole house, so in case she should wander in here, don't get frightened at her, but just humor her in everything she says. Now she may take you for her little kittie.

Pat. Thin I play kittie, do I?

Lady. Yes.

Pat. Do I have to catch any rats.

Lady. Oh! no, certainly not; or she may take you for her little dog, Watch.

Pat. What, is he a waterbury watch?

Lady. No, he is a waterspanniel pup.

Pat. Oh! I'm a rat-terrier when I get mad.

Lady. Well I think you will find everything all right, so I will bid you good-night.

Pat. (*goes back to bed, starts to take off coat*) Good-night. (LANDLADY *sits in chair* L., *and takes sewing from apron pocket and sews*—PAT *looks around*) Will yez look at that now. (*goes to* LANDLADY) Landlady, (*she looks up*) I say, I believe I'll go to bed now.

Lady. Very well, any time you like. We'll call you in time for breakfast.

(*she begins to sew,* PAT *goes back and looks as before*

Pat. Oh! yez blackguard. (*goes to her again*) I say, Landlady, I guess I'll go to bed.

Lady. (*busily sewing*) Very well; if you should want anything during the night, just ring the bell.

Pat. (*looks at her—aside*) Yes, if yez don't get out of here, I'll wring yer neck for yez. (*she still sews,* PAT *takes off coat, throws it on floor*) I bet this time I do bring her. (*gets on chair and hollows very loud*) I say, Landlady! (*she looks up quickly*) I'm going to bed!

Lady. (*gets up*) Oh! did you wish to go to bed right now?

Pat. Well I guess so. I've been sthanding here for the last fifteen minutes saying good-night. (*gets down*

Lady. Oh! very well, good-night. (*exit,* L., 2 E.

Pat. (*at bed*) I guess I'll go to bed like a horse, with my shoes on. (*lays down, pulls sheet over him*) My, Oh! my, this bed lays hard.

Enter, DELLA, L., 1 E., *reading small book, goes to* C., *drops book.*

(*raises up*) I'll bet forty cents, that's the asylum.

Della. (*very heroic*) I hear the sound of a horn, it is a fog horn on a rock bound coast.

Pat. She's got water on the brain.

Della. I see a gleaming light. Oh! say, what can it be?

Pat. (*looks off*) That's an old lantern hanging on a wild cherry tree.

Della. (*looks at him*) Why, there's a man, who can it be?

Pat. My mamma always called me Pat McFree.

Della. (*laughing*) Why, that is Charlie—no you ain't Charlie.

Pat. No, of course I ain't.

Della. I know who you are now.

Pat. Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun if I do.

Della. You are the man that stole my child. Oh! give me back my child. (DELLA *on knees, arms out*) See me on my knees, I emplore you.

Pat. I ain't got your kid—you can search me.

(*turns his pockets inside out*

Della. (*rises to her feet*) No, you ain't the man that stole my child, you're my little cousin Willie. (*goes to him*

Pat. Here is where I play Willie.

Della. What's the matter, Willie, are you ill?

Pat. Yes, I don't think I'll live till morning.

Della. Well, sit down and I'll get you a drink of water. (PAT *sits down,* DELLA *exits* R., 2 E., *and Re enters at same with large funnel, which is stopped up in bottom, also pitcher of water, places funnel in his mouth, pours in water*) Wait a moment, Willie, and I'll get you some more.

(*exit,* R., 2 E.

Pat. No, thanks, if you bring any more, put it in my trunk and I'll drink it in the morning. I'm going to bed now. (*to audience*) So good-night.

(*gets in bed, covers up*

Enter, BROWN *and* SMITH, R. E.—*both sing—while singing, march to* R., 1 E., *to* L., 1 E., *up back of bed at end of song.*

Brown.
Smith. | Here we are two undertakers, we know our business well, we've come to measure you for your coffin and send you down to—boon-ta-ra-dum, boom-ta-ra-dum, boom—ta—ra—dum.

Pat. Boom ta-ra-dum.

Brown. (*measures* PAT *with rule*) Two feet.

Smith. (*writes in book—aloud*) Two feet.

Pat. (*lifts up his feet*) Two fate.

Brown. (*as before*) Four foot ten.

Smith. (*as before*) Four foot ten.

Pat. (*looks up*) Four foot tin.

Brown. (*very loud*) What will you have gold or silver handles on your coffin?

Pat. Oh! I don't care what, put on some old ropes and get out of here, I want to go to sleep.

Smith. (*loud*) Which do you prefer, white or black horses to your hearse?

Pat. Oh! I don't care, put on an old team of mules if you want to, I want to sleep.

Brown. }
Smith. } (*start out* R., *singing*) Your funeral will be to-morrow, your funeral will be to-morrow—here we are, two undertakers, we know our business well; we've come to measure you for your coffin and send you down to—

(*crash outside, both exit* R. E.

Pat. (*to audience*) I wonder what will come next. (*noise outside*) Here comes a black poll-parot.

Enter, SAMBO BLACK, R., 2 E., *with coal skuttle, whistling, goes to foot of bed, lifts up covers and picks up coal, throws in skuttle, walks clear around stage, exits* R., 2 E., *still whistling.*

Pat. (*sits up*) I'm a son-of-a-gun if I knew I was sleeping in the coal house all this time. (*lays down*

Enter, JAMES WALLACE, R., 1 E., *flashes large sword or knife.*

James. One more victim and then my revenge is complete. The Irishman next. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Exit, JAMES, L., 1 E., *long steps*—PAT *gets up, grabs coat, tries to put it on upside down.*

Enter, LANDLADY, L., 2 E.

Lady. What in the world is all of this noise about?

PAT *takes bellows from grip and blows at her, she throws up hands, screams and exit,* L., 2 E.

Enter, DELLA, R., 2 E.

Della. What's the matter, Willie?

(PAT *repeats the same, she screams and exit,* R., 2 E.

Enter, BESSIE, L., 1 E.

Bessie. Say, old man, have you got snakes?

PAT *does same with her, she screams and exit* L., 1 E.—PAT *lays patent down, starts to put on coat when curtain starts, he drops coat, picks up patent, gets under curtain and blows it and it rises. He should do this two or three times, the curtain getting lower each time, finally getting so low that* PAT *lays down on back and works bellows until curtain reaches stage.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

THE END.

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ACT I.—Home of the Windchester's—Frank Westfield—Arrival of the "Old Maid"; "I'm tickled een-a-most to death to see you!" "Mother Goose's Melodies"—Susan's experience in the stage coach. "Only twenty-four, brother."—Christopher Columbus! where am I going?"—"I see you, Frankie."—Susan's opinion of Jane.—Polly—Amusing love scene between Susan and Frank Westfield—his astonishment and terror, as she faints in his arms.—Tableau.

ACT II.—Susan's explanation.—"Slang Debolishers Union"—"You'd better begin at home!"—A widower—"Good land! if I could not get something better than a widower, I wouldn't feel fit to soar to the land of milk and honey!"—Sam Sly, Polly's lover, who is a widower.—"If he does not propose, *I* will!"—Susan and Sam Sly.—Love scene between Polly and Sly, which Susan discovers. Her anger, and fall.—Susan and Sly loose their wigs.

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ACT IV.—Home of Susan Tabitha—Sallie—Discovery of Joshua's poverty—Susan's anger and disappointment—"Can we get up?"—Susan cuffs Joshua's ears—Dinner—"Can we eat dinner?"—Susan relates her experience to Sallie—Telegram—Arrival and cool reception of Charles Westfield and wife—Joshua sleeps—Susan knocks over his chair, pulls his hair—A bank check—Susan's promise.—Happy ending.

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102	Turn of the Tide	7	4
63	Three Glasses a Day	4	2
62	Ten Nights in a Bar-Room	7	3
58	Wrecked	9	3

COMEDIES.

324	A Day In A Doctor's Office	5	1
126	A Legal Holiday	5	3
168	A Pleasure Trip	7	5
124	An Afflicted Family	7	5
257	Caught in the Act	7	5
248	Captured	6	4
178	Caste	5	3
176	Factory Girl	6	3
207	Heroic Dutchman of '76	8	1
199	Home	4	3
174	Love's Labor Not Lost	5	3
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt	1	1
149	New Years in N. Y.	7	F
97	Not So Bad After All	6	5
257	Not Such a Fool as He Looks	6	3
338	Our Boys	6	4
126	Our Daughters	5	6
265	Pug and the Baby	5	3
114	Passions	8	4
264	Prof. James' Experience Teaching Country School	4	3
219	Rags and Bottles	9	1
239	Scale with Sharps and Flats	1	1
221	Solon Shingle	14	2
282	Two Bad Boys	7	3
87	The Biter Bit	3	2
151	The Cigarette	4	2
240	$2,000 Reward	2	0

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316	Aunt Charlotte's Maid	3	3
289	A Colonel's Mishap	5	4
12	A Capital Match	1	2
303	A Kiss in the Dark	2	1
166	A Texan Mother-in-Law	4	2
30	A Day Well Spent	7	7
169	A Regular Fix	2	4
286	A Professional Gardener	4	2
80	Alarmingly Suspicious	4	
320	All In A Muddle	7	
78	An Awful Criminal	1	1
313	A Matchmaking Father	2	2
31	A Pet of the Public	4	2
21	A Romantic Attachment	1	
123	A Thrilling Item	1	
20	A Ticket of Leave	1	2
329	A Valets, Mistake	3	4
324	A Day in a Doctors Office	5	1
175	Betsey Baker	2	2

NO.		M.	F.
8	Better Half	5	2
85	Black vs. White	4	2
22	Captain Smith	3	3
84	Cheek Will Win	3	0
287	Cousin Josiah	1	1
225	Cupid Is Capers	4	4
317	Cleveland's Reception Party	5	
249	Double Election	9	1
44	Der Two Surprises	1	1
72	Deuce is in Him	5	1
19	Did I Dream it	4	3
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188	Dutch Prize Fighter	3	0
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148	Eh? What Did You Say	3	1
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224	Fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1
255	Freezing a Mother-in-Law	2	1
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274	Family Jars	5	2
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs	5	3
11	Give Me My Wife	3	2
307	Hallabahooda, the Medicine Man	4	3
68	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1
271	Hans Brummel's Cafe	5	0
116	Hash	4	2
120	H. M. S. Plum	1	1
50	How She has Own Way	1	3
140	How He Popped the Quest'n	1	1
74	How to Tame M-in-Law	4	2
85	How Stout Your Getting	5	2
247	Incompatibility of Temper	1	2
95	In the Wrong Clothes	5	3
305	Jacob Shlitz's Mistake	3	2
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253	Johnnes Blatz's Mistake	4	3
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130	Matrimonial Bliss	1	1
271	Match for a other Min-Law	2	2
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60	Mother's Fool	6	1
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208	My Precious Betsey	4	4
242	My Turn Next	4	3
32	My Wife's Relations	1	4
186	My Day and Now-a-Days	0	1
273	My Neighbor's Wife	3	3
2	Nanki's Leap Year Venture	2	2
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267	Room 44	2	0
309	Santa Claus' Daughter	5	4
48	Schnaps	1	1
138	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5
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232	Stage Struck Yankee	1	2
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7	The Wonderful Telephone	3	1
281	Two Aunt Emilys	0	8
312	Uncle Ethan	4	3
269	Unjust Justice	6	2
170	U. S. Mail	2	2
213	Vermont Wool Dealer	5	3
332	Which is Which	3	3
151	Wanted a Husband	2	1
56	Wooing Under Difficulties	5	2
70	Which will he Marry	2	8
135	Widower's Trials	4	5
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111	Yankee Duelist	3	1
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GUIDE BOOKS.

17	Hints on Elocution		
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319	In For It	3	1
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244	Old Clothes	3	0
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